The Nugget is delivered to your home twice a week for only 30 cents per month

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives you complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, and your town, read The Nugget.

Vol. 19, No. 6. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1945

Thinking Out Loud

Editorial Note: In many newspapers letters from American women have been published taking issue with the OPA, mainly on the ground, that in peremptorily voiding certain ration stamps, there had been a breach of faith on the part of the federal government. Their complaint was not at at the loss of things represented by ration points, which in many instances was a very real loss, but that after many assurances that no such action would be taken or was contemplated, the OPA repudiated its promises. If this can be done with ration stamps, there is no reason to doubt it can be done with dollar bills or $25 war bonds.

These letters, two of which, written by Nevada City women, are appended, are among the thousands written to refute Congressman Pattman's glib assurance in the House of Representatives on January 11th, that American women were 100 per cent behind the OPA's order cancelling ration stamps. One may judge the character of the representative who would assume to assure his fellow congressmen that American women are 100 per cent behind anything. The letters, addressed to Pattman follow:

REPRESENTATIVE PATTMAN GETS HIS ANSWER

(Contributed)

In his afternoon broadcast of January 11 Fulton Lewis Jr. informed his audience that Wright Pattman, (MC Texas), had in a speech delivered to the House of Representatives, stated that the housewives of America were 100 per cent behind the recent action of the OPA in cancelling the ration coupons.

Lewis said something to the effect that this statement seemed to him to be unwarranted and suggested that housewives of America write to Mr. Pattman whether they were, or were not 100 per cent behind this action.

Shortly after four o'clock on Thursday of last week a listener-in on the telephone lines of Nevada City would have become convinced, beyond any doubt, that, if this community could be taken as a criterion, Pattman's foot had slipped.

Within the next suceeding days the outgoing mail from our local post office carried evidence that, in this community at least, an overwhelming majority of the housewives were united in opposition to Mr. Pattman's statement and were highly indignant at his assumption of authority to speak for them.

On the afternoon of January 18 Lewis told listeners that Pattman, anticipating an increase in his mail as a result of Lewis' previous broadcast, had instructed his office that, in reply to any letters which might be received concerning his OPA statement, a copy of his speech should be sent. Lewis said that overwhelmed by the letters that poured in, Pattman appealed to the local OPA office for assistance. Swamped by an increasing number of letters the local office was forced to appeal to OPA headquarters and the letters yet being received are now delivered direct to OPA and answers sent out under Pattman's congressional frank.

Up to the time of his broadcast on Thursday January 18, Lewis stated more than thousand letters addressed to Pattman had been received and this, he said did not include aboot one thousand sent in Mr. Lewis' care, and as Lewis pointed out, this mail was mostly from the Atlantic and mid-western states and the far west had not yetbeen heard from.

An interesting commentary on the political proceedings now in vogue in supporting edicts from bureaucratic Washington was Mr. Lewis' discovery that Representative Pattman was not, in fact, the author of his now fomous speech but had, after making some pencil notes, had a manuscript prepared for him by OPA.

Lewis stated that of the ten thousand letters so far received by Pattman only about fifty were in support of the Pattman-OPA assumption —and only fifteen of the thou-

(Continued On Page Two)

WORD COMES TO NEV. CITY FROM JAP PRISONS

Mrs. Fleming of the Nevada City post office staff this morning received a postal from her husband, LaMar Fleming, who has been a prisoner in a Japanese camp on the Island of Luzon, Philippines, since the Jap armies took it early 1942. This is the first direct message Mrs. Fleming has had from her husband since he was imprisoned.

Fleming stated on the card that he had received a nice Christmas package from her. Mrs. Fleming believes, that the postal was sent some time last May, and that the Christmas referred to is the Christmas of 1943. Fleming was a mine superintendent for the Benguet Consolidated Mining Company in charge of the Balatoc Mine.

George Carter has received postals from his brother Will Carter also a prisoner, and Mrs. George Downey also received a postal from her son, Merton Downey. The postals of the last two were dated May 6, 1944, so Mrs. Fleming assumes that her husband's message came through at about the same time.

Merton Downey in his postal to his mother here stated his health was good and asked her not to worry. He had received a letter from her and two Red Cross packages.

Five of the Carter family are prisoners of the Japanese in San Tomas the old Spanish University of Manila. These are Mr. and Mrs. Will Carter, their son, Clark Carter and his wife and their young son. Messages from this family state that they are in good health, though Mrs. Clark Carter has lost considerable weight.

SCOOP THURMAN TELLS OF WEEK IN LEGISLATURE

By Assemblyman Scoop Thurman

At the end of the first two weeks of the present session of the state legislature, a total of 721 bills have been introduced, 429 in the assembly and 292 in the senate. They range from a bill to prohibit nudist camps in all parts of the state to bills which will take the "tough" characters out of Preston and put theme in a place equipped to handle their kind as well as other penal institution legislation.

The writer is a co-author on several bills which would keep the taxes at their present level.

This week numerous controversial bills will be introduced including health insurance legislation as sponsored by Governer Warren and a similar bill to be sponsored by the CIO.

The budget, totaling some $700,000 is also expected to be introduced this week.

Bills in behalf of the mining industry are being prepared and should be introduced this week.

Of interest to the sportsmen is a bill sponsored by Assemblyman C. Watson which would permit the fish and game commission to fix bag limits, seasons and districts. It gives regulatory powers to the commission which it has not heretofore had.

A bill which will undoubtedly give the mining interets some concern is one which would force gold dredge operators to resoil the land they work.

The writer would appreciate hearing from the people of the district regarding the legislation we have mentioned above including the resoiling measure, the health insurance program and the granting of regulatory powers to the fish and game commission. You can address us in care of the assembly chambers state capltol, Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hill of Napa motored to Nevada Cilty Saturday and returned Sunday with their daughter in law, Mrs. Cledith Jones and son. Mrs. Jones' husband is in the European war zone and she will visit for a time in Napa.

GRAND JURY TO CONSIDER BEACON HILL INCIDENT

District Attorney H. Ward Sheldon stated yesterday that the Nevada County grand jury will convene on Thursday. He said that among other matters considered will be, whether or not an indictment for contributing to the delinquincies of minors, be returned against Herman Wenzke, manager of the Beacon Hill Lodge, who was fined $250, last week for selling liquor to minors.

Wenzke was arrested January 14 by Deputy Sheriff Tom Dolley of Truckee for selling liquor to members of a Sacramento group of boys and girls who made the lodge their headquarters while on a week end party.

The grand jury, under the county government act, will make recommendations to the state legislature, now in session, regarding juror's fees, salaries of county officials and other matters.

JURY DRAWN FOR TRIAL OF JOHN STURGILL

The date for the trial of John Sturgil accused of assault with a deadly weapon, has been set for Tuesday, January 30, at 10 a. m. in superior court. Thirty five names for jury duty were drawn yesterday by County Clerk R. N. McCormack.

Sturgill was arrested early in December after a quarrel with William Felter in which the former was alleged to have drawn his knife and cut the latter about the hand and face. Felter served a 30 day sentence at the county jail for being drunk. He had his wounds dressed at the county hospital.

A preliminary hearing on the case of the people vs John Sturgill was held December 7 at Truckee before Justice of the Peace Charles E. Smith.

The following list was announced for jury duty:

Nevada Township—Frances Eilerman, Rudolph J. Berggren, Emmet J. Gallagher, Eleanor M. Hawkins, John W. Parhouse, Effie Goering, George R. Crosby, John C. Scheemer, Theodore Rundy, Elsie Thomas Noreon.

Grass Valley Township—Dorothy Simmons, John B. Bennett, Henry D. Handy, Guy H. White, Sidney L. Hocking, Edward L. Baldwin, Loyle E. Freeman, Leslie J. Cicogni, John T. Loney, Sue H. Terrell, Anita D. Keegan, John J. Feldman, Martha R. Landsburg, Minnie L. Lady, Frank G. Davey, Bernice W. Bennett, Thomas F. McCabe. William G. Higgins, Francis W. Bennallack, Roy F. Hesla, Joseph D. Archibald, Carrie De Pauli,

Meadow Lake Township — Tillie Smith, Charles E. Pierce, William M. Englehart, St.

Mrs. Jessie Bastian of Grass Valley Succumbs

Mrs. Jessie Mae Bastian well known Grass Valley woman and wife of Henry Bastian, 212 Bennett St. died at 11:55 p. m. last Thursday night January 18.

Her son Master Sergeant Richard G. Bastian who had been 34 months serving in the South Pacific returned to Grass Valley and spent a 30 day furlough at home.

Mrs. Bastian was a native of Grass Valley, born June 14, 1884. She resided for a time on the Mother Lode and was married at Chinese Camp to Henry Bastian, who survives her, 41 years ago.

Mrs. Bastian was an active member of the Pythian Sisters lodge and Friendship Circle No. 280 of this city.

The bereaved family consists of a husband, Henry Bastian, four daughters, Mrs. Lillian Beebe San Francisco; Mrs. Minnie Angove, Grass Valley; Mrs. Lucille Cicogni, Nevada City; Mrs. Eleanor Wearne, San Francisco; two sons, Sergeant Leroy Bastian, with the United States Army oin the Marianas; Master Sergeant Richard G.Bastian, Portland, Oregon, and three granddaughters, one grandson; two great granddaughters, nieces and nephews.

PTA WANTS NO HASTE ON YOUTH MILITARY ACT

SAN JOSE, Jan. 22—At this time the California Congress of Parents and Teachers neither opposes nor endorses complsory peace time military training. We are not opposed to any measures necessary to the maintenance of national security and a permanent peace. Since the operation of the selective service act will continue to provide sufficient numbers of trained men for our country's present and immediate post war military needs, we urge that legislative action on a peace time program be delayed until the shape of the international organization is clear."

This official statement was adopted by the board of managers of the California Congress of Parents and Teachers at their January meeting held in San Jose, Jan. 10, 11 and 12 to clarify the stand of the congress on the compulsory military proposals coming up from time to time, and which followed the recommendation of the district presidents in November that 'the national congress of parents and teachers formulate a plan of legislation for young people correlating military training with academic education."

On motion of Mrs. P. D. Bevil, legislative chairman, the board voted to approve an act to establish standards for probation officers throughout the state. It also voted to approve increased appropriations for five additional workers in the state department of industrial relations; and to support an amendment to the welfare and institutions code providing for additional funds for the workers for the inspection of boarding houses, etc. The board also approved working for legislation for more strict health inspection of the restaurants and equipment.

It also voted to send a letter to the national congress asking support to make uniform laws on marriage and divorce; and urged that attempts be made to extend the educational benefits of the GI bill to include war widows who are mothers wishing to extend their own education. Mrs. L. E. Sutherland, director of public welfare and chairman of the war services committee led the endorsement of the board that since the Dumbarton Oaks conference has drafted preliminary proposals for a world organization to be called the United Nations Charter, local parent teacher associations should take the initiative in local communities and arrange for the widest public discussions or cooperate with other organizations already promoting the study; and following the study, keep senators and representatives informed of local public sentiment through personal letters or interviews The war service committee office of education be established in the post war peace program. Under this department there should be a commission whose duty would be the supervision of instruction in all schools of axis countries or where axis influence exists. This commission shall not dictate what will be taught but rather will dictate what shall not be taught to the youth of those nations. This commission would have the authority and responsibility to prevent instruction which encourages jingoism, glorifies war, promotes race hatred, encourage impierialism or teaches false doctrine to the point of jeopardizing world peace.

Idaho Maryland Mills 150 Tons of Ore Daily

The Idaho Maryland Mines Corporation which operates at Grass Valley is milling approximately 150 tons of gold ore daily at its 1200 ton milling plant. The company is operating under recent authorization by the WPB for limited work, and reports that it is employing 75 men in the mine, 10 in the mill, and 25 in surface positions. Neil O'Donnell is geneal manager of Idaho Maryland; Rollin Farmin, assistant general manager, B. F. Wright, purchasing agent, and Charles Allan, chief clerk. All may be addressed at Box 1028 Grass Valley. E. L. Oliver 368 Russ Building, San Francisco 4, is president.—Mining Journal.

HIT RUN VICTIM FOUND DEAD NEAR LE BARR MEADOWS

Charles Edward Grun electrical worker of Auburn, was found dead beside the highway a quarter mile west of LeBarr Meadows at 3:10 a. m. yesterday. His body was badly battered, there were deep cuts about his head, and his spine, was broken. Coroner Alvah Hooper, Undersheriff William Woods and Highway Patrol man Carl Kitts agreed the man was the victim of a hit run driver.

The impact of the car had hurled him 48 feet, according to the coroner. The distance between one of his shoes, where the car apparently struck, and the place where his body was found at the edge of the pavement.

Coroner Hooper said that the body was discovered by John Tognarelli of Nevada City, returning early in the morning from Sacramento, at about the same time nenghbors who had heard the crash came out, and when he arrived there were eight or ten persons there, some from the dance hall at LeBarr Meadows. This dance hall remains open until 3 o'clock in the morning(Hooper was informed. According to the story told by some of those present at the dance, Grun and his wife had come to the dance from Auburn. Sometime after 2 a. m. Grun had told a friend that he was going outside for some fresh air. He had walked west of the highway a quarter of a mile when a car coming in the opposite direction traveling toward Grass Valley, had killed him.

It has been determined that the death car was a Chevrolet, as the ornamental metal piece over the radiator had been broken off and was found in the road. Broken glass indicated a headlight had been smashed.

FARRELL TO HEAD GRASS VALLEY RED CROSS DRIVE

Laurence Farrell, district manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has been appointed by William Cassettari, chairman of the Grass Valley Red Cross Chapter, to head the Red Cross Drive when it opens in March in Grass Valley.

Farrel states that Grass Valley's quota will be $15,100(slightly under the last quota. Of the total amount to be raised $9,700 will be allocated to the use o the local chapter and $5,400 will be forwarded to national Red Cross headquarters. Fifteen per cent of funds contributed in Camp Beale will be allocated to the Grass Valley quota.

Farrell, who assumed his duties with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company here on November 1st, was formerly manager for the company in Fairfield, Solano County.

MARCH OF DIMES DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT

Tickets for the annual March of Dimes dance scheduled for Saturday evening January 27 at the Veterans Memorial building are on sale. Dance that others might walk, is the slogan for the benefit hop.

As in previous years, a program featuring talent from Nevada City and Grass Valley will be presented before the dance. Al Bates, Nevada City is chairman of the program and promises a versatile and colorful arrangement for the many residents who attend the benefit dance.

County chairman C. H. Barker announces that the $1 admission goes to the local infantile paralysis fund and the national foundation.

The dance, ctates Barker, gives everyone a chance to help a great cause.

ARMY SELLS SURPLUS STOCKS

CAMP BEALE, Jan. 22—The army is selling its junk.

Toothpaste tubes, pitchforks, glass jars, jugs, fire hose, griddles, rags, snowshoes, burlap, old socks, mosquito bar, mauls, raincoats, neckties—all these and many more items of salvage property were sold by bid here this week to dealers throughout California.

The salvage was sold in nine lots to that number of bidders who paid the army a total of $1630.51 for the items. Firms making successful bids were from Marysville, Sacramento, Chico, Gridley, Oakland and other towns of the area.

The sale was one of a series being conducted at Camp Beale in line with the army's plan of disposing of salvage property to civilians. All requests for information on the sales should be directed to the Chief of Salvage Branch, Camp Beale.

Grass Valley Hoopsters Win Double Header

The Grass Valley Miners basketball quint, both varsity and junior teams, won in basket ball games Friday evening in the Grass Valley high school gymnasium, with their old time antagonists the Nevada City Yellow Jackets in another Sierra Footholl League clash.

The varsity score was Grass Valley 34 to Nevada City's 18. The Grass Valley juniors won 29 to Nevada City's 22.

High scores for Grass Valley varsity were Trathen with 10 points and Langdon with 9. Nevada City varsity score tops were Atkins with 6 and Moore with 5 points. Peterson scored 9 for Grass Valley juniors, while Pello and Ruth each grabbed 6 points for Nevada City juniors.

CALIFORNIA IN ALL OUT FIGHT AGAINST POLIO

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 22—Never before has the nation been so conscious of the dangers of infantile paralysis and never since establishment of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has medical science and hospitals in the United States been geared to such a coordn-iated plan to combat polio epidemics, President Basil O'Connor has notified State Chairman Joseph M. Schneck of California.

With last year officially catalogued as the second worst in the number of polio cases in the hiseory of the disease in these United States, Dan Marovich, director or organization of California announces that 1945s March of Dimes appeal which started January 15th, has the largest number of volunteer men and women working for its success in the last decade. The March of Dimes appeal continues nation wide through January 31st.

Frank N. Belgrano, Northern California chairman, who is past national commander of the American Legion, said that reports received from military headquarters states that while the March of Dimes is for combatting polio among the civilian population, the response of service men and women with their contributions has set a new record.

Health and medical authorities are working on close cooperation with the medical departments of the armed services to forestall any outbreaks that will endanger the thousands of men and women in uniform in camps and stations along the seacoast or in inland points. This year, more than ever before, the utmost precautions are being taken.

However, a monumental task rests whith those charged with combatting the disease in this state as the health authorities point out the migration to this area of hundreds of thousands of war workers and their families and the consequent housing shortages, lowering of the health standards and other problems makes it mandatory to exercise the strictest safeguards against the dread disease.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder about growing old
And wistfully I say,
"Why can't we be like Peter Pan
And keep old age at bay?"
Of course the silver threads will come
To mingle with the brown or gold,
But why be fooled? They do not prove
That one is really growing old.

I wonder how many years a man must live before he may reasonably be spoken of, as old. This seems to be a debatable question, for we have all met with people who were old at twenty five and others who were young at eighty. Upon what then, do the processes of growing old depend?

George Bernard Shaw once said, "youth is a beautiful thing., what a pity to waste it upon children." Now we do not wish to deprive children of their heritage of youth. but we should not allow them to monopolize the commodity. No one wishes to be old, but many of us invite the very condition which we desire to avoid. One stares at himself in the mirror, finds a few silver strands in his hair and a few lines upon his face and begins to sing that lugubrious song, Darling I am Growing Old. He tells those about him that he is too old for this, that and the other and soon, that man finds that he is a sere and yellow leaf and begins to dodder.

Robert Browning wrote, "grow along with me, the best is yet to be." But his formula for meeting advancing years did not include mental attrition; not that growing old is purely a mental process, but the state of mind which we encourage, surely makes or breaks us. The mind should not grow old, it should continue to "build more stately mansions", remembering always that "a man need not count his years until he has nothing else to count."

To keep mentally alert, to learn something new each day to take an eager interest in the affairs of the world about us, to keep old friends and to retain our ability to make new ones, to be tolerant, kind and understanding, to think, to plan and dream, to hold fast one's sense of humor, to bring one's best efforts to the art of living to develop latent powers that lie within us, that is the way to retain youth of mind and spirit.

It has been said that the young people of today refuse to profit by the experience and advice of their elders. Perhaps the men and women of mature years are too often, to blame for that. If one allows himself to grow unpleasantly old, to become dogmatic, unyielding and lacking in understanding, he cannot expect starry eyed youth eo sit at his feet and drink in his words of obsolete wisdom. Keep in tough with the forward surge of events, above all, never, grow "too old to dream."

Uncle Silas says: "Our Eleanor told the reporters that her room was 'as cold as an ice box.' How does she know? She is never in it."—A. Merriam Conner.

WELL PRESERVED

All northern and central California is pretty well convinced that the navy has come to San Francisco bay to stay. For years, the fleet based at San Pedro but when war came, ie made the inevitable move to the world's finest landlocked harbor.

Millions upon millions of dollars, meanwhile, have been spent around the shores of the bay for permanent establishments that the fleet requires, such as drydocks and supply depots. So much has been done, iTt hardly seems likely that the navy will ever leave the bay again.

Under such circumstances, it is highly desirable that the bay region have representation upon the naval committees of congress. Informed local men, alert to the local needs of the huge and growing naval establishment, can be of immense value to the navy and to the entire bay region in such congressional points of vantage.

California's Hiram Johnson, who makes his western home in San Francisco, has long been on the senate naval affairs committee and has become ranking republican member. Now San Francisco's new congressman, Frank R. Havenner, has won a place on the house naval affairs committee. Representation in both houses of congress ehus comes to the bay region at a particularly crucial time.—Contributed.

SURELY A PRIMARY HIGHWAY

Through some misconception of the importance of the Golen Gate bridge, when that span was constructed, the state highway commission failed to establish its roadway approach between the bridge and Waldo Point, as a portion of the primary highway system of California.

That three mile stretch of road is under the jurisdiction of the Golden Gate Bridge district, not the state.

The State Highway Commission will be appealed to at a meeting to be held in Sacramento, t ocreate a "freeway" approach to the bridge; that is, to include the Waldo Point pproach in the primary highway system, and provide state funds for changing the grade and improving the highway as a major project when the war ends. There shourd surely be favorable action on this proposal.—San Francisco Examiner.

BATH AND LAUNDRY

A boost to the morale of American doughboys in Europe are bath and laundry units, camouflaged in groves of trees, near the front lines.

The men withdraw from the front line in small units, bathe or shower and receive fresh clothes. Soiled clothes are laundered and re-issued to other groups coming later.

PLASTIC EYE REPLACES GLASS

Artificial eyes of water clear plastic, tinted to duplicate the natural eye, are now being created by skilled technicians for use by wounded veterans and soldiers inducted with glass eyes, said the Ninth Service Command surgeon today at Fort Douglas, Utah.

LUZON

The American inland push from the Lingayen landing beaches over the same ground that the invading Japs trod nearly three years ago, does not merely open the door to the final battle for liberation of the Philippines. It literally tears the Jap-barred door from its hinges.

In the three years since the Japs came ashore at the identical spot, to sweep in cruel and bloody conquest over Manila, Bataan and Corregidor, General MacArthur, step by step and mile on weary mile, hs led his men back toward the scene of that early disaster. Fighting across thousands of miles of bloody jungle and dangerous sea, he and his forces today, are back on Luzon, fulfilling the pledge made to those wso stayed behind when the Jap war machine rolled into the Philippines.

This time MacArthur's men have the supplies, the resources and the fire power to back up their courageaus fighting hearts. This time it is they who have cut the enemy's main reinforcement line. This time the Jap will wage his ground fight with whatever resources he has already at hand. Unquestionably those resources are enormous—but this time, so the the Yank's.

Just as the victory at Mindoro and the miraculously rapid development of an allied supply base at Leyte opened the door to Luzon, the taking of Luzon will open the way to Fomosa and the Jap homeland. Even before the fighting ceases, General George Kenney, commander of the far east air forces, in all probability will have his airdromes in operation and ready to push the air offensive to the east and north.

The great final battles for control of the southwest Pacific are at hand, General MacArthur solemnly declares. As the door of history swings wide on the conflicts to come, our hearts at home are prayerful that they shall not be too desperately costly, that they shall be decisive as well as victorious. —Contributed.

WHAT NOW?

HENS CACKLE
FARMERS SMILE
TAXPAYERS GROAN

By Roy G. Owens, Engineer-Economist

The War Food Administration is walking on eggs. Congress planned it that way. The farmers are delighted. The hens seem satisfied with the arrangement. The hens cackle with great glee every time an egg rolls down the production line. The taxpayers squawk at the 290 million tax dollars the WFA spent in 1944 :o keep the egg prices up. The housewives squawk at the upped egg prices she meets at the corner market. And the fellows down at Washington squirm because it's going to take another three hundred million tax dollars to pay the farmers for all the excess eggs their hens are scheduled to lay next spring and summer.

Question is—how to shut off the stream of eggs—what to do with all the unsalable high priced surplus eggs that will roll into government storehouses on top of hundreds of millions of dozens of excess eggs already on government's hands over and above army, navy, lend lease and UNRRA requirements. WFA thinks maybe—kill off the hens—even suggested a federal bounty of a dollar a hen but the office of economic stabilization began to shiver at that because it bears too much resemblance to the kind of furor that came of plowing under little pigs. Besides a bounty of a dollar a head on fifty million productive hens is fifty million tax dollars and the farmers incubators can turn out new hens at a dollar a head bounty at least as fast as the hens already on hand can turn out eggs for the farmers to sell to the government for taxpayers money.

Point is, the taxpayers are billed COD for all these eggs surpluses that are bothering the war food administration and cluttering government storage space—but the taxpayers are not gettnig the eggs. And it's a fair guess that some several millions of breakfast tables in the United States don' have eggs mornings because their tax ridden incomes can't stand the luxury.

But then, the cackling hens don't understand politics. They haven't the brains. Even enlightened and professional politicians seem to be having some trouble playing politics in between farmers, housewives and taxpayers. Eggs they find is eggs; and the chicken yard chopping block—the farmer contends—is for the cockerels and female duds—not for pedigreed hens with an all time laying record in the poultryman's index file.

And after all, the farmer's vote is entitled to a parity price for the out put of his labor and his acres and his livestock whether his outpu be eggs or cotton or wheat or potatoes or beans. And we can fix up approximate parity price arrangements by acts of congress. We already have to some extent. But such legislative acts, wherever applied, seem to lead directly to all out production or else to government payments of tax money to farmers for not planting and harvesting crops.

Shall government then presently undertake in the fields of industry what it is now doing in the fields of agriculture—perhaps pay the gigantic airplane industry for not producing airplanes and the miraculous synthetic rubber industry for not producing rubber, in order to maintain those magnificent plants in working order against some future time of emergency.

If people cannot buy our mass production of eggs out of their war inflated incomes, how can people be expected to buy the output capacity of all the other mass production in industries out of their peace time incomes?

Personals

Mrs. Nellie Davis came up from Sacramento Friday to attend to business affairs and will return to her son Wesley Davis' home early in the week. She is preparing to sell her property interests in Willow Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myers entertained Sunday in honor of the birthday of their grandaughter, Loreta Myers, who is attending St. Marys in Grass Valley. Present for the dinner and party were her father, Lawrence Myers; grandfather Jack Cooper, and Mrs. Florence Shoemaker of Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Etherington, Grass Valley, Misses Marjorie and Marcia Myers.

SOLDIERS USE FACE PAINT

Face paint may have annoyed him during peace time, but today's fighting soldier is using it for camauflage purposes.

Manufactured in stock form to fit a round metal tube, makeup is supplied in two colors in one of three combinations — loam with green, white or sand. Choice of color depends upon the type or terrain.

Rather than burden allied troops with unnecessary gear, warm winter clothing was flown to them in Germany after the colder weather set in.

Cucumbers for the market grown in California in 1943 were valued at $1,037,000 while the 1944 crop was valued at $770,000 although only 300 less acres were planted in 1944.

Historians have unearthed Babylonian tablets the first known story of man's attempts to fly.

THINKING OUT LOUD

(Continued from Page One)

sand letters sent to Lewis and yet to be delivered, supports Mr. Pattman's contention.

From the letters so far brourht to the attention of this writer it seems safe to assume that Nevada County housewives will not contribute materially to any reduction in the general average of about 99 and 9-10th per cent repudiation of Pattman's assertion.

Nevada City, California,
January 12, 1945

Hon Dwight Pattman, MC.
House Office Building,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:

You are grossly in error in maintaining that the housewives of this country are one hundred per cent behind the recent action of OPA in cancelling ration stamps which together with supplementary statements released by the administration seemed to them to bear the guarantee of the United States as unquestionably as does a dollar bill or a thousand dollar war bond.

I concede that a great majority of the women of America loyally subscribed to OPA provisions and conscientionsly observed each and every regulation promulgated by OPA. But I am one of hundreds of women, and I believe millions, who are highly and I believe justly indignant, at this action and consider it to have been an unwarranted violation of promises considered by them as a pledge of the federal government.

I am sure that thousands of citizens, men and women, deplore this arbitrary act—not so much from a sense of loss, or inconvenience as from a realization that the OPA edict has irretrievably damaged the confidence of the people in the food administration and has been highly detrimental to the spirit of faith in federal pledges upon which all good government is dependent. I feel certain that this act has had an effect diametrically opposite to the intent of these who were responsible for its promulgation.

(Signed) MRS. HELEN M. DAVIS.

Hon. Wright Pattman, MC.
House Office Building,
Washington, D. C.
Sir:

I have a feeling that you will receive such a tremendous number of indignant protests to your extraordinary statement that American housewives are 100 per cent in support of the recent OPA cancellation of ration coupons, that this particular epistle will not reach your eye.

I do hope, however, that you will be told that one protest at least is predicated, not on any complaint because of inconvenience or loss of certain commodities which though badly needed were not absolutely essential, but was inspired by a wish to express the fear that such arbitrary abrogation of a federal pledge will inevitably weaken the faith of our people in any promise or statement eminating from bureaucractic Washington.

Few if any of the letters from Nevada City complained because the writers had been deprived of commodities upon which they had been counting. The chief complaint was of the loss of confidence in OPA, a government administration which they had loyally supported.

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THE NUGGET

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE

Fifteen BPWC Clubs Attend District Conclave

Fifteen of the 18 clubs which comprise the Northern California District of Business and Professional Women's Clubs were represented when the district convention of the organization opened in Grass Valley Saturday.

More than 120 attended the banquet in the Veterans Memorial building Saturday evening. The dinner was followed by a fun session.

A general business meeting was held in conjunction with a 9 o'clock breakfast in Bret Harte Inn yesterday morning. Following the breakfast a post war study was conducted under the leadership of Mrs. Arletta Douglass.

Mrs. Dorothy Deker, state president of the California Federation of BPWC of Santa Ana addressed the convention Saturday evening at the dinner in the Veterans Memorial Building.

Mrs. Howard Hill Tells Of Experience With Japs

To Grass Valley members and friends of the Methodist Church Sunday evening Mrs. Howard Hill formerly a missionary in China, will tell of her experiences with the Japanese.

Mrs. Hill is the daughter of J. B. Underwood of Grass Valley and with her family, is now visiting her family.

On one occasion Mrs. Hill relates she was threaened by a Japanese soldier who pressed his bayonet against her arm. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have recently returned. In their flight from China they spent five months in India where they continued for the interval, their missionary work.

CHAPTER XVII

The surprise was that another plane had now been found several miles from the bomber. It was supposed to be a fighter, being smaller, and it had burned upon crashing. I therefore received credit for two enemy planes destroyed on July 31. It had been my first aerial combat, I felt very proud indeed.

We found the reported prisoner, but he was dead. While being questioned he had tried to escape, had killed several Chinese, had wounded others, and in turn had been mortally wounded. Lieutenant Cluck got to him before he died, but was unable to get any valuable information.

My first aerial engagement started a story in Delhi—I found out about it four months later. The story told there was to the effect that I had engaged an enemy bomber over China, and regardless of its escort of two Zeros, had shot it down. It had crashed into the ground, and when they located it, they also found the two Zeros, which had dived into the rice paddies at the tail of the bomber, one on each side. Thus had the embarrassed pilots committed hara-kiri, for they had lost face by having the ship that they were escorting destroyed.

Well, it was a laugh. But I'm fairly certain the one Zero didn't commit suicide—I'm prone to believe that some good, honest lead-poisoning from six fifty - calibre American machine guns had a lot to do with it.

Major Tex Hill was the Squadron commander of the outfit that I had come to live with at Hengyang. He was a blue-eyed Texan, lean and lanky, six-feet-two of fighting blood. I imagine if he had lived in the frontier days of the American West, he would have been a gunman over there around the Pecos River—but a gunman on the side of the Law. I used to shut my eyes out there, sitting on the alert in Hunan, and think about him. I could picture that drawling Texan walking slowly through a border town with two pearl-handled 45's swinging low at his hips. Walking with his arms stiff at his sides, and watching with his cold, blue eyes some "villain" that was approaching the other way I could almost hear the hot lead spitting from those guns as the two shot it out, and I could always see the villain fall, with Tex standing there looking at his smoking guns. Tex would always have won, for he was the greatest fighter that I ever saw, the most loyal officer, and the best friend.

I'd seen Tex shoot down Japs in the sky, and I had followed on his wing to learn the tactics of the AVG. I know that if there is any man I owe my life to during the months I fought in China, it is Maj. Tex Hill. Seeing what he did in combat, and how he handled his ship; seeing his coolness on the alert, and his keen desire for action. I can hear Tex now, after he had studied the plotting board that the interpreters were covering with little red flags showing the positions of the approaching Jap fighter ships. I can hear him saying: "Well, gentlemen, I think we'll take off." And he would smile as he pulled on his helmet and goggles.

Tex was the son of the Chaplain of the Texas Rangers. Before the AVG days he had been a Navy pilot flying off carrier decks, and in the Flying Tigers he had been second only to Bob Neal as the leading ace. Tex was the most truthful man I ever met—even his subconscious thoughts were truthful. He used to tell me that one day after Madame Chiang Kai-shek had pinned a medal on him for shooting down some Japanese planes over Toungoo, she had asked him the next time he shot down one of those Japanese planes to please think of her and dedicate it to the people of China. Tex of course said, "Yes, Ma'am . . ."

I imagine that most any man among us would have said "Yes" to the Madame, and the next time we shot down a Jap we would have told the great lady all about it. We would have remembered after the fight what we had promised her, and we would have gone in with a romantic story of how we had met the barbaric Japanese and had seen the Madame's face in the skies as we shot the enemy down . . . and had thought of her and the people of China. But not Tex Hill—he was too honest for that. He told me, "Colonel, I promised her that, and I really meant it. And I've shot down about twelve Japs since that promise four months ago. But you know I never can remember to think about her when I'm in a battle—I'm too busy."

Well now, you hold that picture of Tex Hill for a minute while I show him to you in another light.

One day over Hengyang, after we had broken the Japanese wave with our assault and support and there were some fifteen Zeros burning around among the pagodas of this Hunan capital, I saw an odd sight down below. There was one lone Jap, doubtless of the suicide Samurai school, for though his buddies had either been shot down in their attempted strafing attack or had turned for home, this arrogant follower of the Shinto Shrine was strafing the field—alone. Two of us rolled to go get him, but from the end of the field towards the river I saw a P-40 pull out of a dive and head for the Jap. It was Tex Hill.

As the two fighters drew together in this breath-taking, head-on attack, I saw their tracers meeting and for a second I didn't know whether the ships ran together or both exploded in the air. As the smoke thinned I saw the P-40 flash on through and out into the clear, but the Jap crashed and burned on the field of Hengyang. Hill and the Jap had shot it out nose to nose, and once again I thought of the days of Western gunplay.

We landed and waited for Tex to come over. As we stood around the burning enemy ship, I saw Hill striding across the field from his fighter. Hanging low on his right leg was his army forty-five. Subconsciously I looked at his other leg as if I expected to find the mate hanging there.

Tex's blond hair was blowing in the wind, his eyes were looking with venomous hate at the Jap, his jaw was set. I had opened my mouth to congratulate him, for he had shot down two enemy ships that day, when I had a closer look at his eyes . . . Tex strode over close to the fire and looked at the mutilated Jap where he had been thrown from the cockpit. Then, without a change of expression, he kicked the largest piece of Jap—the head and one shoulder—into the fire. I heard his slow drawl: "All right, you sonofabitch—if that's the way you want to fight it's all right with me."

Tex calmly left the group and walked back to his ship and into the alert shed for his cup of tea. None of us said anything. The Chinese coolies who usually yelled "Ding-hao—ding-hao" saw his eyes and the set of his jaw, too—and just waited until later to congratulate him.

Things kept right on happening at Hengyang, for after all there are Japanese bases fanning out in many directions—East, North, Northeast, South, and Southeast. Some of them were within an hour's flight of our field. Hankow was the one to the North on the Yangtse. The Japs

Maj. "Tex" Hill, AVG and squadron C.O. and Col. Meriam C. Cooper.

sent their bombers to worry us from up there, and before we caught on how to do it, they made life miserable for us. They had gotten tired of sending their day bombers down, for they lost too many; so now they had resorted to a period of constant night attack.

Just when the full moon in the clear sky would begin to light the ground like daylight, the telephone would start ringing, the Chinese interpreters would begin to stick the little flags into the Map, and we'd know that the Jap was on the way. We'd be just about to sit down to supper after a hard day's work on the alert. We'd leave the rice and fish and squash, amid the houseboys' calls of "Jin-bao—" (air raid), and we'd rush for our planes that had been assigned to night duty. Sometimes the attack was a harassing one only, and we'd return without seeing them and go wearily back in the moonlight to the hostel, get some tea and a cookie, and crawl in the bed.

Just about the time the head hit the pillow and the body felt a little comfortable the alert would go again. I'd hear the tinkle of a small dinner bell and the plaintive voice of one of the houseboys—"Jin-bao, Jin-bao—please get up, master—Jin-bao." Off we'd go again and into the sky. Sometimes the Jap would feint two or three times to make us use valuable gasoline. Sometimes he'd circle Hengyang by fifty miles and then go back to Hankow. We'd spend the night between the hostel and the alert shack; but after all, as we used to say, you weren't supposed to be comfortable in a war, and we were no exception.

Sometimes, though, the Jap didn't feint.

General Chennault got us to pick the best and most experienced pilots for the night interception missions. We'd use two to four ships and place them at different altitudes over the field, and wait for the Jap in the light of the moon, with our lights out. On this particular night Johnny Alison was at 13,000 feet, and a thousand feet lower we had Ajax Baumler. I'll tell you about Johnny now, but we'll take up more on Ajax later—for this was mostly Johnny's fight.

Alison was a superior airman, fighter pilot, and officer, and was the ideal combat leader. A Florida boy, he knew the Allison engine well enough to have designed it. He knew the P-40's better than anyone I have ever seen, for he had instructed the British in their use in the United Kingdom and then had gone over to show the Russians how to fly and repair them near Moscow. Tonight he was about to carve his name with his six fifty-calibre guns in such a manner that few of us would ever forget it, and certainly no Chinese in the city of Hengyang would ever forget the night.

We got our four ships into the air at staggered altitudes. We heard the radio reports from Richardson giving the latest positions of the Japs. Reported over Changsha. Then North of the field. Then all was silent while we waited. In our positions over the field we placed ourselves down-moon—that is, where the bombers would have to fly between us and the moon and thus silhouette themselves against the full orange light.

Then I saw the five bombers against the moon. They were at 13,000 feet. I know I swore because they were below me, and I could imagine the cursing of every one of the others who were at the wrong altitude, for we could not change altitude until the first attack. But they were at Johnny's height, and I listened for him to say that he saw them. Down the field they told us later that you could hear the moan of one Allison engine as a P-40 moved in for the attack, could hear it above the sound of the ten radial engines on the enemy bombers.

The seconds dragged, and then we heard Johnny say, "Okay, I see 'em." And now we saw their exhausts, looking like ten bushel-baskets of blue fire. For a full second, as the enemy bombers moved towards the target that was our field, all was quiet, and I wondered if Johnny had lost them in the darkness. Then I saw him, so close to the enemy ships that he seemed to be in formation with them—and clearly over my radio I heard Johnny Alison say, "Watch the fireworks."

Six lines of tracers went into one of the bombers and glowed brighter than the two bushel-baskets of exhaust fire. The first Jap bomber trailed fire, slowly turned on its back, and spun crazily towards Hengyang, right over the town. Below, I could see a few flashes from the exploding enemy bombs, but most of them seemed short of the target area and very scattered. Johnny's tracers were still going into the enemy ships and I could see their return fire now, but it seemed to go in no certain direction. I had moved in closer, trying to get to the altitude of the fight.

On the ground the mechanics and the Chinese interpreters had a grandstand seat for one of the best moving pictures that has ever been—except that this was real. They too had heard Johnny say, "Watch the fireworks," and had seen and heard the heavy guns of the P-40. They could see pieces of the bomber coming off and going back into the slipstream, reflecting the glow of the fire that came with the explosion. Then the whole sky lighted as the first one plunged to the earth, with the fire making a queer sound as the wreckage fell.

The lone fighter now was sliding over behind the other bombers, and the second one was exploding and turning over. The third one tried to turn, seemed to hang for seconds against the full moon, then dove in flames in a pitch that got steeper and steeper. Several thousand feet below our level it exploded and burning gasoline fell with it. The light of the three burning bombers combined with the brilliant moonlight to make the night like day.

The number four enemy ship had turned back now, with an engine shot out, but Ajax Baumler got it ten miles North of the field. The last enemy dove out and turned for home when he saw his three leaders burn, but Baumler followed him thirty miles North and shot him down in flames.

From the ground, the watchers told us later, they could hear the fifty-calibre guns above the noise of the smaller calibre Jap guns. Within seconds after the attack, there were three ships burning around the city walls, and none of the formation got home. The Chinese people in the town had been watching the battle in awe. They had always had to just sit and take Jap bombings, especially night attacks, and this was something they had dreamed of. They were cheering now, and were out looking for enemy survivors with hoes, scythes, knives, and any weapon they could find to cut the Japanese to pieces, if any of them should escape.

But something was the matter with Alison. We could see his ship and it was not flying normally. Every now and then it would stream fire that was more than just a backfire. On the ground they could hear his engine missing badly.

Alison called in that he was hit, but would try to land his ship on the field.

To land a crippled fighter in daylight is quite a feat but to attempt to land one at night, one that has been shot to pieces and may burst into flames any second, is more than that. We knew why Johnny was taking the chance: we needed that ship if he could get it on the field, even if it was shot to bits we needed the parts that could be salvaged. It would have been perfectly all right if the pilot had gone over the side as soon as that engine began to fade out that night. Whether or not he had shot down three bombers, he could have "hit the silk" and floated to safety in his chute. But Johnny must have said, "The hell with that, we need this ship—we always need ships." To keep old P-40's that we flew in flying condition we had to rob parts from every airplane that we could salvage after a crackup. This is called "cannibalizing" in the lingo of field depots in the Air Corps, and covers a multitude of sins.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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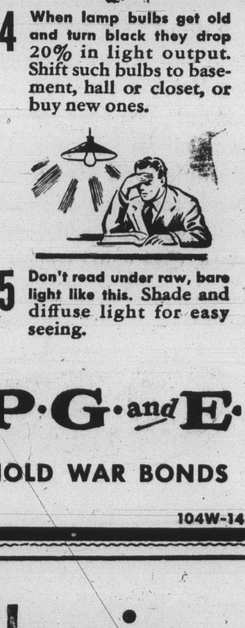
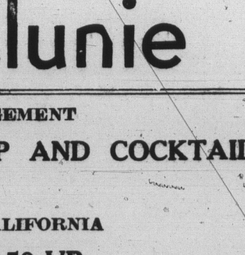
1 Light output from lamps can be increased as much as 30 per cent by regular cleaning of lamp shades and bowls.

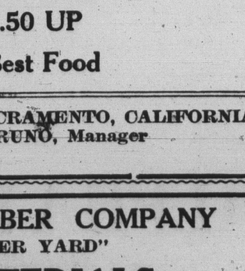
2 Use the right size lamp bulb for every seeing need. One ...tt lamp bulb gives ...ore light than ... fifty watters.



3 Place floor lamps by chairs and davenports properly for easier seeing and better light distribution.



4 When lamp bulbs get old and turn black they drop 20% in light output. Shift such bulbs to basement, hall or closet, or buy new ones.



5 Don't read under raw, bare light like this. Shade and diffuse light for easy seeing.

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IN GLOBAL WAR

William Kennedy—

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kennedy received three letters from their son, William Kennedy, somewhere in the European war zone. He spoke of lots of rain and extreme cold and his working in the rain. He with others had had bad colds. No mail came in for a time due to planes not being able to leave the ground in the bad weather. Then it was three weeks before he got a letter and in his first letter he stated he thought they had quit writing to him. He had received pictures of his parents and Aunt Belle and was glad to get them. A letter from a friend who had been in India and China stated he would not give a dime for either country and Bill felt the same way.

Richard Applegate—

Second Lieutenant Richard Applegate, son of Mrs. Ethel W. Preston, Bloomfield Route, Nevada City, is completing his training on a Liberator bomber at the Pueblo Army Air Base, Pueblo, Colo. He is the bombardier of his crew and is being fitted as an essential member of a combat team that will soon fly into enemy territory. His instruction at Pueblo culminates many months of intensive training in the U. S. Army Air Forces. He entered the service in July 1943.

George and Edward Jacobs—

Corporals George and Ed Jacobs sons of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jacobs of Park Avenue are advancing in their different positions in the U. S. armed forces. Cpl. George Jacobs has been stationed at San Francisco for many months has been returned to Camp Beale. His brother, Cpl. Ed Jacobs is in England according to the last letter received by his parents.

Lloyd White—

Lloyd White, son of Mrs. Millie White is in Italy with the United States infantry according to last letter received before Christmas. Lloyd, employed by the U. S. forest service until last summer was sent to Texas for training. He was home on furlough to see his infant daughter two months old born while he was in camp. Mrs. White and two children are spending this winter in Woodland her former home town and will return here early in the spring.

Dick Gregory—

Dick Gregory, EM 2-c and son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gregory of this city is somewhere in the South Pacific war zone with the U. S. Fleet, according to his letter received January 4. Dick left for the South Pacific in December. He stated he was fine and everything was all right.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Bert McBride of Happy Camp are here a few weeks while he is near his doctor. They left here two years ago and he is employed at the Grey Eagle Mine.

Alex Robertson of Truckee and former supervisor, visited his wife in a local hospital the latter part of last week. She suffered injuries in a fall in her home several weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lyons hotel owners of Camptonville were business visitors in Nevada City Friday.

Latest news received by Mrs. Clara Scarfe from her son, George, who suffered a slight stroke recently, is that he is showing improvement in use of his left leg but the arm and hand are slower to respond to treatment.

Mrs. Inez Hammill of the bay district is visiting her son, George Hammill in Grass Valley. She is also calling on Nevada City friends.

Arthur O'Connor of Birchville was a business visitor in this city Friday.

Mrs. Flossie Armstrong of Marysville spent the past week end in Nevada City visiting her father, J. Angove, aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Curnow and other relatives.

Members of Italian service units are former prisoners of war who have volunteered for work in the American war effort. Italian prisoners hostile to the allies are held in prison camps.

DISTRICT BPWC CONFERENCE HELD

The Northern District of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs conference, at which the Grass Valley club was hostess, adjourned yesterday following a two day midwinter conference in Grass Valley.

Chief feature of the meeting was the address Miss Dorothy Decker, president of the California Federation of Business and Professional Womens Clubs, who delivered a notable talk on the Shape of the World to Come before the 140 delegates and members assembled at dinner in the Veterans Memorial Building Saturday night. Miss Decker resides in Santa Ana, Orange County.

Presiding and introducing distinguished guests and speakers at the dinner was Miss Betty Eldredge, the president of the Grass Valley club. A fun session followed the dinner in which an eight act vaudeville show was presented. Among the numbers was the Dance of the Dolly with a Holey in her Stockie, a burlesque of the Pan dance, and a costume chorus singing song hits of the Gay Nineties.

Sessions of the delegates were resumed yesterday morning with a 9 o'clock breakfast in Bret Harte Inn at which District President Fern DeSota presided. Mrs. Arletta Douglas, district postwar planning chairman, lead a discussion of the subject, the Responsibility of Business and Profesional Women in the Post War Era.

Under the leadership of Helen Ward, state education chairman, and Mabel Smith, district education chairman there was a round table discussion of work shop.

BIRTH

SILVA—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, January 16, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Silva, a son.

Non magnetic metal is used by the army in the manufacture of steel helmets in order to avoid deflection of the indicator needle when using compasses, the Ninth Service Command quartermaster declared.

Coroner Officiates In 38 Deaths in 1944

Coroner Alvah Hooper in his annual report, reveals that during 1944 he handled 38 cases of deceased persons in his official capacity, of which 18 were from natural causes and 20 from unnatural or violent causes.

Heart attacks were the causes of majority of deaths of those who died without medical attention. In the category of those who died violently seven were suicides, four were due to automobile accidents, three by drowning, two by homicidal intent, and two by accidental homicide. Miscellaneous one man killed by a falling tree and one frozen to death.

Ten Stockmen Granted Grazing Permits

Ten stockmen of western Nevada, Placer and Yuba Counties have been granted permits to graze their livestock in the Big Bend district of the Tahoe National Forest. Ranger Warren Barnes of Big Bend was in Nevada City Saturday interviewing the applicants.

The ten permitses are Norman and George Beyer of Grass Valley, Buck Cole and Paul Ahearn of Lincoln, Robert Blackford of Wheatland, Robert White of the Wolf district, Joe Snyder of Auburn, Earl Ray of Yuba City. W. A. Black and Earl Sleeman of Grass Valley.

William McNider Called By Grim Reaper

William MacNider, associate and friend of Errol MacBoyle of the Idaho Maryland Mine, passed away this morning at 7:10 o'clock in a hospital in this city following an hour's heart attack. He was interested in the development and experiments with magnesium with MacBoyle and had spent four months in Washington with MacBoyle when the latter was endeavoring to have the ban on gold mining lifted.

MacNider was born in Mason City, Iowa, 57 years ago, where his family were engaged in cement manufacture. MacNider still owned interests in the cement business in Mason City, although he hal lived in San Francisco for some years. He was 32nd Degree Mason.

Surviving him are his wife Mrs. Cornelia MacNider and two little daughters, Sandra, 5 and Joan 7. Funeral arrangements are in charge of Hooper and Weaver Mortuary.

Girl Scouts Take Over March of Dimes Drive

Grass Valley and Nevada City Girl Scouts took over the campaign in the March of Dimes in the two communities Saturday canvassing business districts and pinning buttons on merchants and their customers.

In Grass Valley the Girl Scouts were under the supervision of Mrs. Jesse Caldwell for Poppy Troop, Mrs. Betty Meyer, Pine Cone and Mrs. H. Galvin, the Brownies.

In Nevada City Mrs. Howard Sturtivant, Girl Scout commissioner, has general charge of the troops' activities. A canvass was made of the residenial as well as the business districts.

Funeral Services for Mrs. Della West

Funeral services were held in the Hooper and Weaver Mortuary chapel Saturday for Mrs. Della West, who died of a heart attack in her home in the Newtown District Wednesday. Rev. Herschel Favel, pastor of the Congregational Church officiated. Interment was in the Auburn Cemetery.

Mrs. West was a native of Wisconsin, aged 84 years. Surviving her is a son, Frank West, a brother, Charles Wood, both of Grass Valley, and three grandchildren.

S. F. Operates One Mile Toonerville Trolley

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 22—California's shortest passenger railroad line, chugs daily along its one mile right of way at Hunter's Point Navy Dry Dock, hauling shipbuilders, the dock workers and navy employes to and from work at every change of shift, day and night. The cars were built for New York's elevated railroads nearly half a century ago. They are pulled over the route by a waterfront locomotive.

BIRTH

MAKINSON—In Nevada City, Nevada County, January 19, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Glennie Makinson of Grass Valley, a son.

FARMERS PAY OFF MORTGAGES AT RAPID RATE

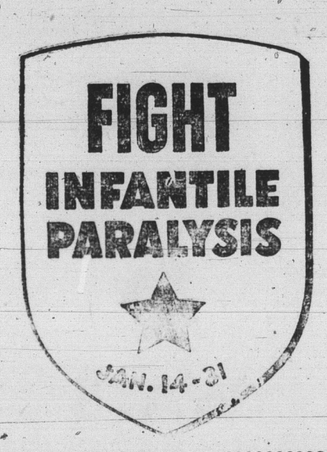
The prosperity of farmers and stockmen in California, Utah, Arizona and Nevada is reflected in the yearly report of the Federal Land Bank of Berkeley. It shows that in 1944 interest and principal on land bank and commissioner loans totaled over $28,000,000. Of this amount, nearly $10,000,000 was sent in by 8,378 member borrowers to pay off their mortgages before maturity.

Since the upswing in agricultural prices following Pearl Harbor, the mortgage pay offs have been coming into the Federal Land Bank of Berkeley by the thousands. On December 31, 1941 there were 50,124 land bank and commissioner loans for $158,017,647. These figures dropped on December 31, 1944 to 30,096 loans for $93,735,716.

Land bank and commissioner loan closed for the past year amounted to $9,000,000.

ELMER STEVENS SPEAKS

The Nevada City Civic Club met Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Hal D. Draper on Grove Street. Elmer Stevens, members of the Grass Valley school faculty was guest speaker. He talked on plans for world peace.



YES, we know there's a war going on!

—but here's how we're trying to overcome the difficulties of wartime travel

Our trains are longer and schedules are slower now. Space is hard to get. People frequently have to stand in line to buy tickets or to get into the dining car. In short, our service isn't what it was before the war.

The main reason is, of course, that our volume of passenger traffic is *five times* that of 1940, with just about the same number of cars we had then. And, like everybody else, we are short of help.

However, this company is determined not to just give up and blame everything on the war. Wherever possible we have taken aggressive steps to lessen the difficulties of wartime travel. For example:

1 Our "train assignment plan" for coach passengers has to a large extent eliminated overcrowding and standing on our long-distance trains. We endeavor to sell only as many seats as are on the train, and each passenger gets a reservation slip.

2 "Passenger aides," capable trained women, have been stationed on long-distance S. P. coach trains. They assist women traveling with children, help prepare "formulas" for the babies, aid the aged and infirm, and perform other services to make the journey as comfortable as possible for everyone.

3 In spite of the shortage of help, we have greatly expanded telephone reservation bureaus, increased our forces handling reservations, and devised new reservation systems, which are constantly reviewed. The situation is not perfect, but it is much better than it was.

4 We have increased the number of chair car porters, so that cars are now generally kept quite clean, a difficult problem because of the litter from box lunches, etc. Big trash boxes in the vestibules have helped, too.

5 "Train service agents" have been added to the staffs of long-distance coach trains. These men supervise all service features on the train, direct the chair car porters, see to it that the trains are kept tidy, try to overcome difficulties and meet emergencies.

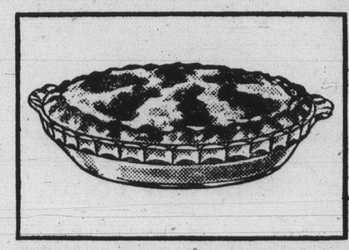
We don't claim that all our people are perfect. They're human beings, and are under the strain of crowded war conditions. By and large we think they're doing a swell job and we're proud of them.

S·P The friendly Southern Pacific

158

WITH an ordinary baking dish you lose precious food every time you transfer it to a serving dish. You lose again from serving dish to storage dish. And you lose more when it's warmed over and served up again. You probably lose at least a full helping. But see how you save with this Pyrex Double Duty casserole! You bake, serve, and store all in the same dish! You even reheat leftovers in it and use it again for serving without a single food transfer. The handy cover keeps food warm or serves as a separate pie plate. Get yours today!

PYREX DOUBLE DUTY CASSEROLE 2 QUART SIZE 75¢

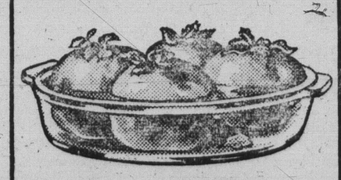


"FLAVOR-SAVER" PIE PLATE

The most popular new Pyrex dish ever introduced! Deep with fluted edge to keep all juice and flavor in your pies. Lovely design with clear glass handles . . . 10" size 45¢

MATCHED PYREX BOWL SET

3 smart Pyrex Bowls (1, 1½, and, 2½ qt. sizes). Use them for mixing, baking, serving, and storing! Save dish-washing! Set of 3 bowls, nesting to save space, . . . only 95¢



[illegible] CAKE DISH

Notice convenient glass handles! Bakes perfect layer cakes or doubles for meat, vegetables, and other baking. Washes easily. A pair makes a lovely gift. Each . . . only 35¢

ALPHA STORES, Ltd.

Hardware, Household Supplies, Sporting Goods

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